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Puck

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SPITE CAN NOT BUDGE IT.



ENDORISING THE POLICY.

"I'm sure I try to treat everybody like a star boarder!"
 "I think that's the right way, Mrs. Hasherly. A boarding-house should be an all-star aggregation!"

A REAL HEROINE.

SHE GREAT crowd which filled the hall to the doors applauded wildly as the President of the Sixth Avenue Life Saving Society stepped on the stage and began to address a pretty, modest-looking young woman who was the centre of an admiring group.

"Miss Strongarm," he began, "we have assembled here this evening to make a public presentation of the ninth medal that has been awarded to you by the Sixth Avenue Life Saving Society. Within three years you have saved nine lives, and under conditions which would have daunted the bravest of the life-savers along our coast. (Great applause.) Your last great feat was like the others. There was the usual terrible crush at Beagle's Spring opening; a thousand women were rushing for the millinery bargain counter; a man, unaccustomed to his surroundings, got beyond the life line—that is to say, he was caught in the whirling mass of bargain hunters and then, in the critical moment, when this poor man, battered and crushed, was about to succumb and be trampled to death, you rushed in, dashed aside one after another of the crowd and carried him triumphantly into the open air. (Long-continued applause.)

"Truly, indeed, do you deserve the title engraved on this medal:

Being a good fellow requires time, money and a strong constitution; mere will-power will not suffice.

'Heroine of the Bargain Counter,' and this Society feels that, in honoring you, it is honoring itself."

As the heroine stepped forward to receive the medal, the applause was deafening.

W. L. R.

OFFERING.

Turn which way he would, the trillionaire met with rebuffs.

All the universities were burning money in their heating plants and courteously, yet firmly, declined his proffered gifts. The poor would go two blocks out of their way rather than meet him. Farmers were ugly about the numbers of fresh air funds and threatening to shoot.

The trillionaire became desperate.

"I'll pay my taxes," said he.

Of course, he was shunned by those of his own class, henceforth. But, on the other hand, the happiness that flows from free will offering was his.

HIS LOCATION.

"Is the Hon. John G. Boomwaller on the floor?" inquired a citizen of Little Rock, who was desirous of learning the whereabouts of the gentleman from Yamhack county.

"Not now, suh," replied the doorkeeper of the Arkansas House of Representatives.

"The gentleman that knocked him down for callin' him a liar done let him git up about three minutes ago."

IN BOSTON.

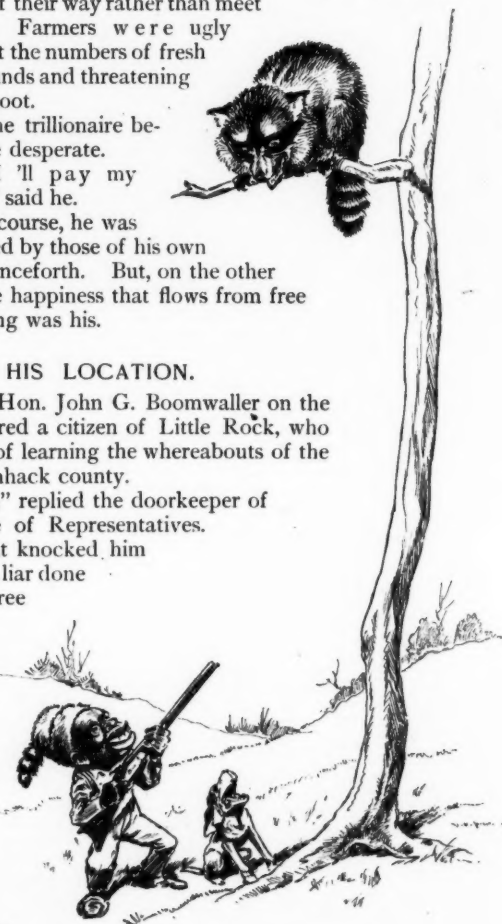
TEACHER.— Bound Alaska.

PUPIL.— Why— er—I have not been able to complete my examination of the documentary evidence.

OWING to overproduction, Russian assurances are no longer current at their face value.

HIS SENTIMENTS.

THE RACCOON.— My! Here's where I run up against the negro problem in one of its most serious aspects!



PUCK



TROUBLE AHEAD.

"It's poor Algy again! It's a pity to disturb love's young dream!"

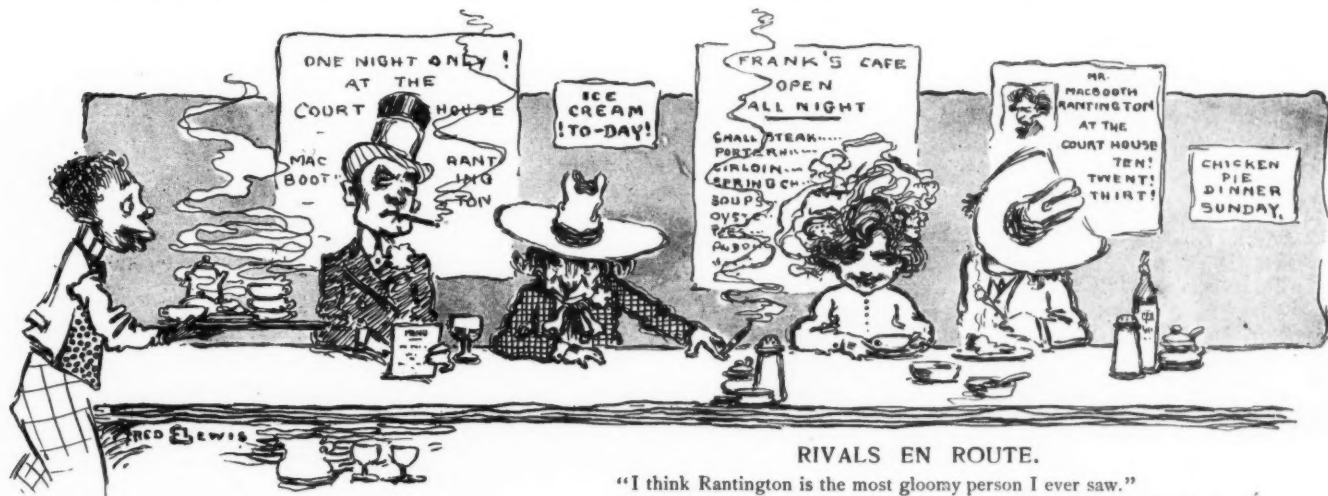
"Yes; a great pity. I'm afraid, when you wake the infant up, it will be cross!"

A CLEAR DISTINCTION.

IKEY.—Fader, is "imbegunious" undt "inzolvent" der same?
FADER.—Nodt at all! "Imbegunious" is ven a man has got no more money, undt "inzolvent" is ven his greditors has got about all der money dey are goin' to get.

CARTE BLANCHE.

"Shall I oppose the bill, then?" said the lobbyist.
"Well," said the magnate, "I leave it to you. Use your own judgment whether to oppose it or put something in it to make it unconstitutional."



RIVALS EN ROUTE.

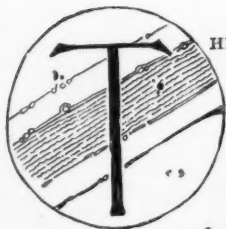
"I think Rantington is the most gloomy person I ever saw."

"Well, I don't know. It's a close race between him and the angel!"

(Next town—Hermitage Corners.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATCHTOWER.

(Being a page from the Annals of Kutisnek Castle.)



THE COUNTRY had drowed so long under the enervating influence of peace that even the young men were losing their waists from lack of exercise and the women their wrinkles from lack of anxiety. At Kutisnek Castle, where there was formerly a steady output of raw material for historical novels, there was nothing doing.

"In troth," declared Lubin, the Listless, "the drawbridge has been down so long 't would be harder work than I'd care to do to get it up again."

"An' it were time o' need we'd ha' more trouble dropping the portcullis!" growled Big Mark.

"Tush, man!" exclaimed Longshanks. "Its chains be so weather-eaten that some day 't will drop itself, and who's under it will ne'er know taste of sack again. I hope it may n't be I."

"'T would be small loss an 't were so. Good faith, there's none of us seem to ha' much o' life's cares these fat-ning days."

And so it was; for only the merest pretence was made of guard duty, and armor was only worn by the men-at-arms when visitors were expected.

"Romance is dead!" sighed Lady Guinevere. Yet, still she hoped, as she stood in maiden meditation—which she deeply regretted was still fancy free—on top of the deserted watchtower and looked over the battlements at the hedge-marked checkerboard of rolling grain, grass and woodland. She spent much time in the tower, in a romantic atmosphere of her own creation, for here she could get away from her four sisters, the Honorables Anne, Jane, Maud and Catharine, whose world was the real world of embroidery, sweetmeats, tea and gossip. Such things were far beneath the lofty ideals of Lady Guinevere, who felt, as many another has before and since, that she was not like other girls. And she was glad of it, for she had a name to live up to. It had been given to her by her mother while her father was busy.

Day after day, from her place on the tower, she strained her eyes along all the roads in the neighborhood without seeing any solitary horsemen that were at all likely-looking, until one afternoon, in sheer weariness and despair, she dropped them to the scene that lay at her feet. As she did so she turned pale and clutched at one of the rough battlements for support, for there, seated on the opposite bank of the moat, was a stranger!

He did n't look exactly knightly, as he held a fishing-rod in his hand and kept his eye on the float; but he was young, good-looking and wore pretty good clothes. Times had changed and, perhaps, after all, Lady Guinevere's heart almost fluttered itself to a standstill at the thought.



HARD TO ACCOMMODATE.

JANITRESS HEN.—Now this flat ought to suit you, Madam, it's four rooms and a bath.

MRS. DUCK.—Oh! I'm afraid that won't do;—for my family about four baths and a room would be more suitable.



AN INQUIRY.

GREGORY.—I think Belle is engaged. The Count called on her father yesterday.

DORA.—And you think her father obtained the Count's consent?

She hoped he would look up; but from time to time he got a nibble and the float occupied his undivided attention. Finally her ladyship, quite unthoughtedly, of course, managed to loosen a bit of mortar from the battlements, and, giving it a rather uncertain, straight-arm throw, dropped it with a splash right in front of the fisher.

He looked up, and Lady Guinevere, pausing just long enough to be sure that he saw her, drew back in highly proper confusion.

After waiting as long as her curiosity would permit, she looked again. He had dropped his fishing-rod and was standing up gazing at the tower. When he saw her again he swept off his hat with a bow that was quite equal to the situation and, as he recovered his perpendicular, blew her a kiss. It was her first, outside of her dreams; and Lady Guinevere's cheeks flamed, but not with anger or indignation. After all her weary days of waiting!

Thrilled with this thought, she again looked over the battlements and smiled. Then, rushing down to her room she locked herself in with her raptures. By morning she had decided that the young fisher-knight was It!

With palpitating eagerness she again sought the tower the next afternoon. The fisher-knight was on the spot and blew himself

(Continued on page 10.)



NO INSURANCE.

COHENSTEIN, JR.—Dere's dot young Baumheimer. He is a goot enough poy, but he 'll never set der North River afire.

COHENSTEIN, SR.—Vell;—vat would be der use?

A BALLAD OF FASHIONS.

WHERE are the fashions of yesterday —
Garments our elders some-time wore?
Styles that, smiling, we now survey
In many a magazine of yore.
Where are those garbs ourselves foreswore
And scornfully dropped beside the way?
Knocking, in truth, at To-morrow's door,
There are the fashions of Yesterday!

Peg-top trousers that long held sway,
Casing the legs of far-back beaux,
Of tailors' geese were late the lay
(Is it geese, or geoses, who knows, who knows?)

Skirts that flared over dainty toes
Flare again o'er the toes of May!
So chic a damsel you 'd scarce suppose
Would wear the fashions of yesterday!

And points, outré, are again au fait!
(Ring the knell of the bull-dog last.)
And thicker and thicker come tripping gay
Those high French heels of the frowned-on past!

And punctured sleeves are inflating fast,
And laces slip from retirement gray,
And pokes and bonnets their shadows cast —
Hail to the fashions of yesterday!

Man and maiden, who 'd scorn, egad,
Things in the slightest sense passé,
This very moment, dear hearts, you 're clad
Simply in fashions of yesterday!

Edwin L. Sabin.



AN EXPLANATION.

"Sure, he says if there was a shrike, we wud do no more vi'lence thar we 're doin' now."

"He did, did he?"

"Yis; only it 'd be the scabs that 'd git it instid av the thrunks."

It should not be forgotten that some of the best opportunities are home-made.

PUCK

THE ALDERMAN'S AROUND.



HERE 's excitement down to Dooley's, the crowd is surging in,
The Celtic and the German, the Scotchman and the Finn;
The Frenchy and the Guiney, the Russian and the Pole,
And half-a-dozen others are swelling up the roll;
Are crowding in the doorway—all nations can be found
When the magic news is signaled—"The Alderman's Around!"
And they hustle and they bustle,
Each tries to be the first;
The precinct sends the voters—
Each voter brings his thirst.

It's "Hurrah!" and "Hurro!" and words to that effect;
And when he runs again he'll be the man that they'll elect.
He's just the one for congress, and they'll send him down there, too;

(And all the time the faucet is foaming lager through;
There's bourbon, wine and kimmel, tobacco by the pound,
All free as fountain water, for "The Alderman's Around."
Glasses ringing, cheers and singing,
Throats that almost burst;
The precinct sends the voters,
Each voter brings his thirst.

"Three cheers for our ward's man!
He's the best that ever ran!"
At every toast the Alderman is vowed a better man.
To send him down to Congress the crowd is not content.
"We'll put him in the Senate and make him President!"

The faucet gurgles swifter and closer they surround;
There's good times in Dooley's—"The Alderman's Around."

ADVICE.

"I suppose I am too susceptible."
"Why not apply your fencing lessons, dear? Don't let your heart be so easily reached?"

All creeds drinking, talking, blinking,
(The ward's man looks the worst!)
The precinct sends the voters—

Each voter brings his thirst.

Victor A. Hermann.

STANDING.

Ysobel Brisket, the acknowledged queen of the smart set in one of Chicago's smartest suburbs, listened but coldly while Lawrence Liverwurst declared his love.

"How about your amateur standing?" she asked, when he was done. "They say you married for money, once."

"It was before I was old enough to know better!" protested the man, humbly.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"Who is that crafty-looking man to whom his fellow-citizens are taking off their hats?" asked the baking-powder drummer.

"That's Henry K. Sharp, the feller that passed a counterfeit five-dollar bill off onto a circus man," replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern.



HE PHILOSOPHIZES.

"Well! Well! To think that we all come out of egg-shells and it's a toss up whether we'll be chickens or fried eggs!"

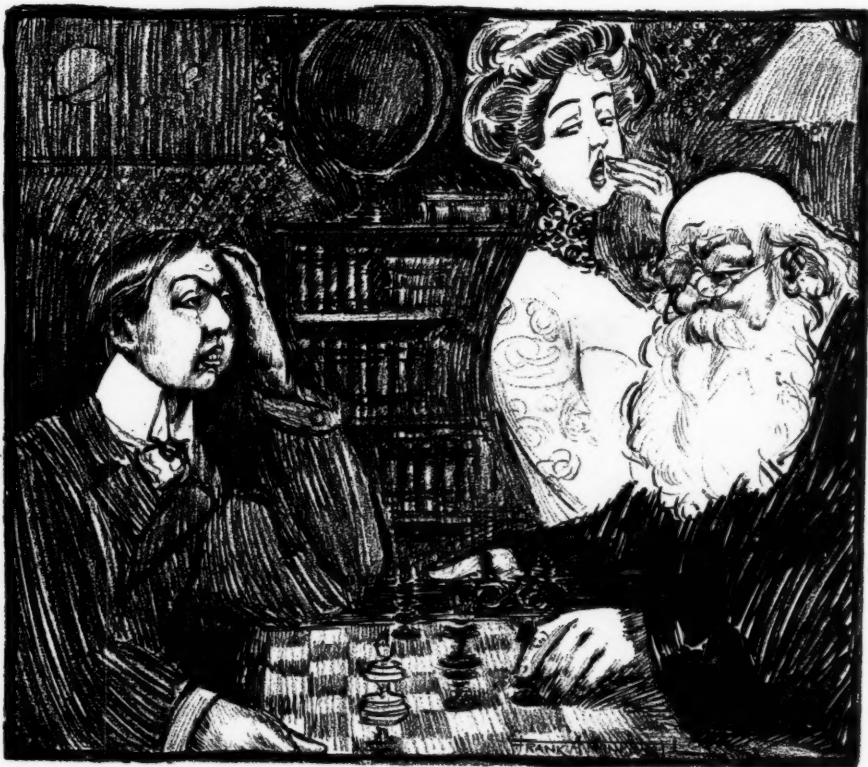
A NOTABLE ECONOMY.

Swami Abhedanada, whose name certainly looks authoritative, writes us a book about Yogis. Yogis, it seems, can subsist for long periods without taking solid or liquid food.

About anybody, the book encourages us to believe, may be a Yogi; not, perhaps, merely by a few minutes of exercise without apparatus in his room before retiring, and yet by means within the reach of all.

No contemporary financier, probably, however great, lunches in less than fifteen seconds. Fifteen seconds each day amount in a year to nearly an hour and a half. Many and cool is the million that has been made in an hour and a half.

If the young men who are now fitting themselves for business careers are shrewd, they will purchase Swami Abhedanada's book and become Yogis.



GRANDPA'S MOVE.

"But you are not interested in the game, my dear!"
"Yes, I am, Grandpa;—I'd like to see its finish!"

One of the disagreeable things about acquiring wisdom is that we find out so much we don't want to know.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THOSE ANNOYING BILLS AND SNUBS. ST. LOUIS'S exposition, or rather its dedication ceremony, has been variously viewed. Several governors, not to mention a number of lesser potentates, have remarked, in none too secret a manner, that they were deliberately snubbed and outrageously overcharged. A bill of particulars it is unnecessary to give here, as details have already been circulated, but anything we can do, even at this late day, to sooth the ruffled feelings will, believe us, be cheerfully done. Regarding the alleged extortionate charges of St. Louis inn keepers, we can only say this: they were to be expected. Indeed, the hotel men of Missouri have given mankind a kindly warning. The Louisiana Purchase—by long odds the most noted bargain in the annals of international shopping—admittedly placed the stigma of cheapness upon one vast territory. Of this, unfortunately, St. Louis is a part, though not, in any sense, through the negligence of its present hotel proprietors. Naturally, however, the latter grew alarmed when the letter, as well as the spirit, of the Louisiana Purchase was in grave danger of colliding with its hundredth anniversary. Therefore, to avoid subsequent misunderstandings, they announced distinctly, through their bills to visiting dignitaries, that the bargain features of St. Louis went out of commission with

one Thomas Jefferson, and that all modern purchases in the historical section, will be strictly up to the American Standard of Charging. It was better for sundry governors to meet and settle robust bills at the dedication festival, than for countless scores of their constituents to walk up, guilelessly, and be shorn next year, while the show is going on. If some of the injured ones will take this view of their grievance it will dwindle perceptibly in size, we feel certain. As to the matter of snubbing, that is even easier to dispose of. In fact, we can not understand, generally speaking, how a visitor to St. Louis could feel otherwise than complimented if no representative of the city government came out to greet him. In a city where civic pillaging has been brazenly vindicated at the polls, where an honest public prosecutor is such a rarity that he is offered a house and lot simply for doing his duty, and in a state where the legislature reeks with corruption, it is not a calamity, but a piece of good fortune, to be officially ignored. The ruffled governors and pouting potentates should cease repining and look at things in a sensible light.

THE DEGRADED PROFESSIONAL. NOT as large as usual, but still noticeable, is the collegiate protest crop this season.

No season, in fact, is quite complete without its quota of rumors, sleuthing parties and accusations; all of which, of course, are in the exclusive interest of pure sport. A good detective force, indeed, is quite as essential in the modern university as a capable nine or eleven. For as soon as, by one college, a strong pitcher, right guard or equally able track man is developed, it devolves upon the other's sleuthing department to dig up evidence against him and prefer charges of professionalism. If it can then be shown that ten years previous, this same pitcher, as a boy, got twenty-five cents from his uncle for winning a ball game on the town common, he is thereby hopelessly incriminated before the whole collegiate world and indefinitely black-listed. The aim of sport nowadays, we judge, is not so much to play pluckily till the last man goes out, as to protest as many as possible of the opposing team before the first man goes up. And this art of protesting is a gentle art. Through it, by process of elimination, games may be won before they are played and obviously, that side wins which secures the most convictions. No man, no matter how clean an athlete, is eligible to participate in collegiate sport to-day, if he has ever been paid, directly or indirectly, for his skill; but, on the other hand, he who is a rowdy, a player of dirty ball, or in foot ball, a slugger and a bully, is a highly eligible and proper participant, so long as his system is untainted by "the curse of gold," silver, or certified checks. Truly, it would do college boys no harm if they brushed up a bit on Ratio and Proportion.

PATRIOTISM.



HE woman resented the suggestion.

"The patriotism ingrained with every fibre of my being clamors for expression too loudly!" she exclaimed, with emotion.

"And you can't join the Daughters of the Revolution?" faltered her husband.

"No; the Joneses run everything in the Daughters."

"How about the Children of the Revolution?"

"The Robinsons are the whole cheese in the Children."

"Well?"

For a moment she stood silent, grand and beautiful. When she spoke, her voice thrilled him strangely.

"I propose," she said, "to start a new society, called the Relatives of the Revolution."

AT THE BALL GAME.

CITY NEPHEW.—Three strikes and out, Uncle!

UNCLE REUB.—What? Hain't them fellers got a union that'll quit on one strike?

THE FERRYMAN.

Poor Charon soon may lose his job,

And sad will be his fix,

For modern progress seeks to make

A tunnel 'neath the Styx.

IT TAKES two to make a bargain; except, of course, when China is a party to it.



IN DAYS OF OLD.

OBADIAH.—Canst not stop a moment?

HEZEKIAH.—Not now! Stirring news! Great battle on Lake Erie a week ago.

MISTRESS PRUDENCE.—Mercy! And how quickly the tidings spread!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

LOOKING FOR





FOR INSTANCE.

"Oh! I've heard a heap about Christian Science!"
 "But you must n't believe everything you hear!"
 "Well, I don't, stranger! Now, some of them things you 're tellin' me is purty hard to swaller!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATCHTOWER.

(Continued from 4th page.)

for a whole flock of kisses, which she caught, as they were wafted up to her, with a blissful smile.

"He's just perfectly lovely!" she declared, in an ecstatic whisper.

Entreating her attention with a graceful gesture, her fisher-knight produced a ball of twine, which he unwound and carefully coiled up on the smooth turf. Then he tied the end of it to a bolt which he fitted to his crossbow.

Lady Guinevere, who was well-versed and rather bright in things romantic, understood at once and clapped her hands with delight.

Raising his crossbow the stranger sent the bolt into the air. Up, up, up it went, carrying the string with it, while her ladyship watched it eagerly. Then it began to descend and almost in a flash fell on the tower at her feet. The line of communication had been established.

To this the fisher-knight tied a note breathing love and devotion, and paid out the line while the lady hauled up. It was a very long string.

Then, when she had read the note and held it to her heart, she replied in terms of gracious maiden modesty and paid out the line while he hauled in. So engrossing was the occupation that both of them missed their dinners; but what is an empty stomach to a full heart?

So, with thoughts of the morrow, Lady Guinevere had sweet dreams that night. And Arthur, the fisher-knight, was pretty well satisfied with himself, too, for he had a pretty good start; and Lord Kutisnek was not only of noble blood, but of substantial property.

The next evening at dusk Guinevere passed under the always-up portcullis and over the always-down drawbridge and met her Hobson's choice under the greenwood tree. Again on the evening following she passed the gates of the castle, this time her maid carrying a bundle; and the next morning she did n't appear at breakfast; neither was she in her room nor any place to be found.

Reckoning on their own increased chances out of a very small possible, her sisters took her disappearance calmly and seemed quite content to let it go at that; but the rest of the castle was in a great commotion. The men-at-arms hunted up their armor and jammed themselves into it; they brought out their long unused pikes and jabbed them into the gravel of the court to scour the rust and dust from them; the horses were hurriedly saddled; the banners of the

house were brought from the attic and thrown once more to the breeze—somewhat faded, it is true, but still foggily showing their armorial bearings; and through all it Lord Kutisnek swore with the grace and fluency of the experienced campaigner. Everybody cheered up—something was doing at last!

Just as the cavalcade was forming in the court to set forth and scour the country—even with a brush if opposition were encountered—for the missing daughter, a horn was winded outside the castle gates. A moment later, Arthur, mounted on a livery-stable-looking nag, with Lady Guinevere on the pillion, rode into the court. The lady quickly slipped from her seat and the knight flung himself to the ground.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Lord Kutisnek. "What the dev—"

"O Papa, dear, we are come to ask your blessing!" cried Lady Guinevere, as she sprang forward and kneeled at the old man's feet. Arthur also got into an if-you'll-be-so-kind position.

"Blessing, the deuce! What for?" roared his lordship.

"Where have you been and what have you been doing? Hey?"

"Dear Papa, don't speak so harshly when I am so happy! This is Arthur, my true knight and loving spouse, and now your dutiful son."

"My!—Well, I'll be d—"

"Papa!" shrieked the other four sisters, in a properly shocked chorus.

"Well, where did you get him, anyhow?" inquired his lordship, looking over his new connection curiously. And then the hurry-up romance of the watchtower was told.

"So he was fishing in the moat, eh?" said his lordship. "Odsfish! But this beats me by several! Well, what are you going to do now?"

"We have come back to be your dutiful children."

"What!"

"We shall be right here at the castle every day to do you filial honor, and—"

"What! You're coming here to live on me?" He was so staggered by the proposition that he gasped, while the four maiden-sisters sniffed with their noses high in the air and in a manner that indicated that it would n't be their fault if Arthur's life was a pleasant one.

"I could n't leave the old home, Papa; and I know Arthur will be happy here," pleaded Lady Guinevere.

"The joke's on me, I guess!" sighed his lordship, as he gave orders to the men to unsaddle their horses and get out of their fighting clothes. And as he moved away to his den he was heard to mutter: "Well! Well! Fishing in the moat, was he? Well! Well!"

The next day found the four maiden sisters on the watchtower in a receptive mood; but their hopes went for naught, as his lordship had already posted this warning conspicuously on the walls of the castle:

NO FISSHINGE ALLOWED IN Y'S MOTE.

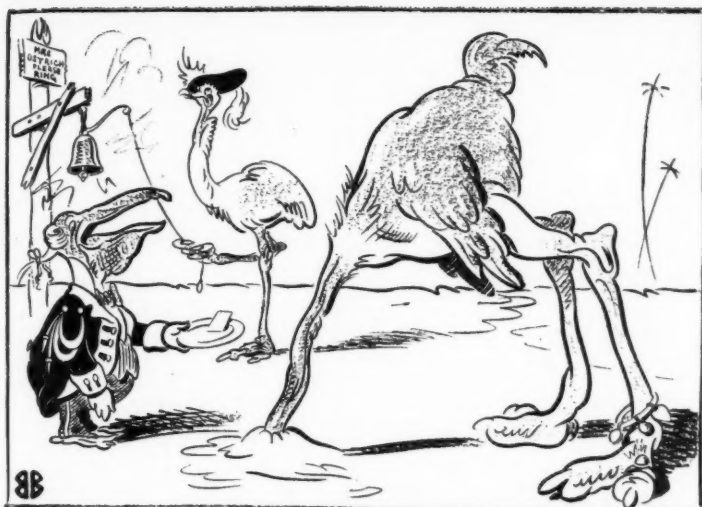
Wood Levette Wilson.



GROWING.

"I suppose your sister is n't old enough to go to parties."

"No; but Mama says she's nearly old enough, because she's beginning to complain of having nothing to wear."



THESE TRANSPARENT LIES.

THE FOOTMAN.—Please, Mum, Mrs. Emu has just called.
MUFFLED VOICE OF MRS. OSTRICH.—Tell her I'm not at home.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!



WHEN Rooz-e-velt was our way
Last April, you jes' know
We give him fur a program
The best we had to show.
An' what with all the doin's,
Haw Sidings went nigh plum
Ez crazy ez I never—
The day the pres'dent come.

II.

The hull place looked exac'ly
Like Fourth o' last July!
Fact, Rixby's Store was stranded
O' cheese-cloth, high an' dry!
An' some folks, they fell back on
Red calicker; an' some
Got down to usin' flannel—
The day the pres'dent come.

IV.

An' on the station platform
Was town See-lectman Baggs,
An' Hooker Post, Grand Army,
An' children holdin' flags,
An' Chris Jones, our Rough Rider
Who fit an' lost his thumb,
An' Bass-drum Pete, our negro—
The day the pres'dent come.

III.

An' all the people's winders
Had "Teddy's" picter in
(It said: "He trades at Rixby's!
So he can't help but win!")
An' 'way out at the cross-roads
That copperhead Squire Crumb,
By jinks, he decorated!—
The day the pres'dent come.

V.

"She's late!" says Grandpa Doodle.
Says I: "Sho' now! I vum!"
An' then we heard her whistle—
An' gosh! but she did hum!
The children waved their banners,
An' Pete, he bust his drum,
An' seems like I near saw him!—
The day the pres'dent come.

Edwin L. Sabin.

DIGNITY.

At every blast in the subway, their house rocked and swayed.
"And we have always thought it such a dignified mansion!" they exclaimed, chagrinedly.

OFFICES.

When it was proposed to create yet more public offices, the stupid masses were made suspicious.

"There is no work for more offices!" protested the masses.

But fortunately constructive statesmen were not lacking.

"More offices," explained these, "will necessitate the erection of additional public buildings, which means a graft for about everybody."

Now the masses changed their tune and filled the air with pæans of thanksgiving, in that there was somebody at hand to tell them what was what.

A CONJECTURE.

"I suppose the cabmen have a union."

"No doubt. I presume they'd boycott any man who would accept the legal fare."

[THE MAN who is satisfied is not likely to improve his condition, and the man who improves his condition is not likely to be satisfied.



A HIGHER TRIBUTE.

SAM.—Dat Miss Snowflake, she am a peach!
PETE.—G'long! She am a watah-million!

El Principe de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

NATURAL CONCLUSIONS.

"Ef dey's milk in Paradise, dey mus' have cows dar," said Brother Williams; "en ef dey got honey dar, dey sho' mus' have bees, en whar bees is dey's blossoms, an whar blossoms is dey's always watermillions in season—bless de Lawd!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

It ain't dat I hev ever succeeded in convincin' Uncle Moses dat de world am round, or dat he has succeeded in convincin' me dat it am flat. It am dat we look upon each other as pore, deluded fules an' let de matter drop an' talk 'bout sunthin' else dat we kin agree on.—*Detroit Free Press*.

REVENGE.

"That fat man," complained the scales, "simply knocked me all out of kelter."

"Well," replied the candy-machine, near by, "now you can lie in weight for the next one that comes along."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"WHAT started the awful row in that group of politicians?"

"I don't know. But I should surmise that one of them had gotten up and suggested a scheme for harmony."—*Washington Star*.

"I SUPPOSE you are familiar with John Ruskin, Miss Tootles?"

"Indeed, I am not! I never allow myself to become familiar with men, Mr. Pearson. I have not even met the person you refer to."—*Kansas City Journal*.

No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

Egyptian
Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
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5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New
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Bad trusts shall die,
While good get rich;—
But who shall tell us
Which is which?

—Washington Star.

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Insist that your barber uses Mennen's
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CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Re-
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S. 1d everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEV CO., Newark, N. J.

LOGIC.

"So you will put the blame for that
disaster on the engineer?"

"Yes," answered the magnate. "You
see, his salary is not so large as our
dividends. So he can better afford to
stand any loss."—Atlanta Constitution.

"WHAT kind of breakfast food have
you?" inquired the New Yorker in the
Boston hotel.

"We have pumpkin, custard, apple
and meringue pie," replied the waiter,
carefully adjusting his glasses. —
Yonkers Statesman.

Established 1823.

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That's All!

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Baltimore, Md.

IF HE'S LUCKY.

"I think I'll spend my two week's vacation on my new automobile."
"Where are you going?"

"Oh, ten or fifteen miles out of town."—Detroit Free Press.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

"Bre'r William, sence you all time singin' 'bout de yuther side er Jordan,
how come you ain't in no hurry ter git dar?"

"Bre'r Thomas, you should n't ax sich leadin' questions. 'Sides dat, you
well knows I can't swim!"—Atlanta Constitution.



AN EXPLANATION.

"It's bully fun fishin', Willy!"

"Well, why don't you go fishin', then?"

"'Cause it's more fun guyin' a feller what can't!"

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; best and safest for all uses.
Famous all over the world and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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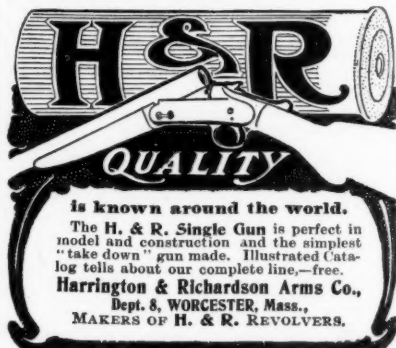
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There's always this about it,
You'll have to live within it, or,
Some day you'll live without it.

—Philadelphia Press.

APPRECIATIVE.

"Have n't you any regard for the
law?"

"Sure!" answered Meandering
Mike. "I have de highest regard fur
de law. I kin never fergit de many
obligations I am under to de law fur
board an' lodgin'."—Washington Star.

McILHENNY'S
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As An Aid to Digestion no seasoning can com-
pare with McIlhenny's **Tabasco Sauce**.
Purer and more healthful than ground pepper. It gives a delightful flavor to Soups, Salads,
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 bears the trade-mark
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 a red circle. In the
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 The barley is right
 The hops are right
 The water is right
 The plant is right
 that's why Pabst beer is
 always pure.

WHEN a woman in trouble does n't weep, her friends say she has "splendid control," and her enemies say she is indifferent.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

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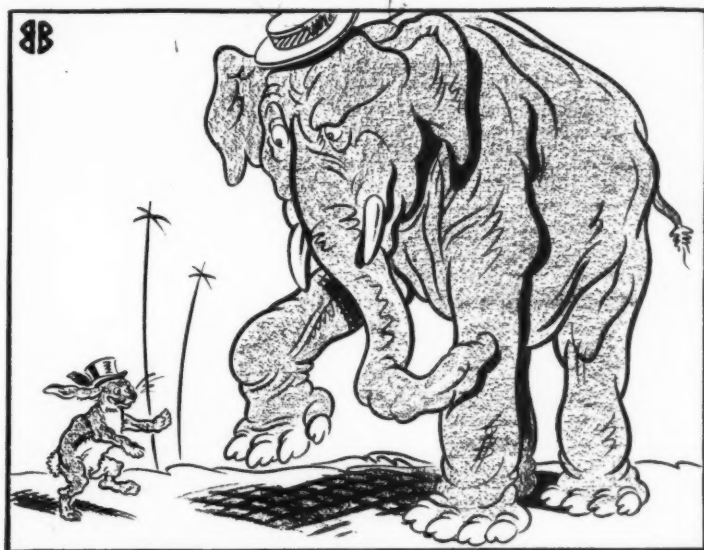
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THE ELEPHANT.—I tell you! My wife knows that there's no use arguing when I put my foot down.

THE RABBIT.—Yes; in such a case, I should think your word ought to have some weight.

If you are a "bon vivant," drink the best Champagne on the market, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

If it were not for churches needing officers some real old men would be useless.—*Washington Democrat.*

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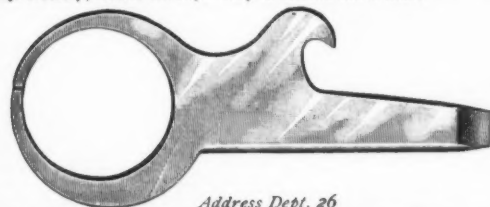
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Statesmen, financiers, literary, professional and business men, and men in every walk in life, have for more than half a century found comfort and delight in Williams' Shaving Soap.

Prize Puzzle

How many of the 24 distinguished men shown here can you name?

To any one sending us the correct name of any four of these men, with a two-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a correct list of the names, and also a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty in the shape of key-ring, letter opener, paper cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Handy for the chauffeur, the bicycle rider, for opening cigar boxes, watch cases, for automatic air valves, etc. Unequaled key-holder; holds keys securely, divides the keys—easy to find the one wanted.



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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.



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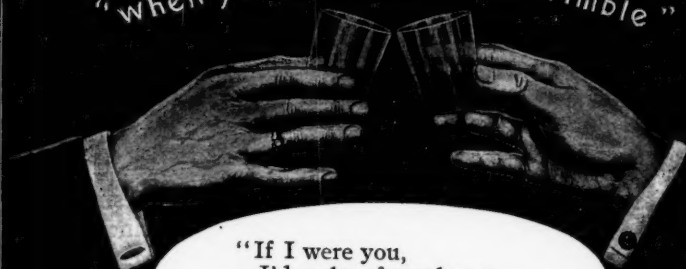
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Consult your dealer.

A MAN can be a sinner without be-
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"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



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I'd make of my heart
A kingdom ever new;
I'd make in it a place for me
If I were you."

A pure rye,
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SHE DID N'T KNOW.

SHE.—I'm glad he was n't much injured. It was an accident, I suppose?

HE.—Why, of course! You did n't think any one would hurt him intentionally?

SHE.—Well, I'm not very familiar with polo. I thought it might be like foot-ball.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

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wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug
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William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HIS VIEW OF IT.

"I hear tell dey been lynchin' niggers
Out West?"

"Oh, yes! 'Pears like we all in de
Union now!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PUT a big white apron on any woman
who is good-natured and she will look
motherly.—*Atchison Globe.*

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We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

To relieve and to cure these troubles, the entire medical world recommends and prescribes

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Nature's Laxative Water.

Take only the genuine. Don't be deceived by a laxative called "HUNYADI" water—ask for and demand **HUNYADI JÁNOS**

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

MURPHY.—An' was there no clue to the assassin?

CASEY.—Plinty av thim—plinty av thim. But divil a wan could annybody find.—*Kansas City Journal.*

"I WANT to get a muzzle," said the young lady.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh! I think that will do," pointing to one.

"All right, Madam!" said the clerk, absent-mindedly. "Shall I send it or will you wear it?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*



BEFORE THE RIDE.

"You might 'ave to use your riding whip, sir!"

"That's true. He's a hard horse to manage."

"Yes, sir! Sometimes 'e'll cut up like an automobile."

WHEN a woman has poor luck with her cake the family are allowed to have all they want.—*Atchison Globe.*

NEW BOARDER.—What's the row upstairs?

LANDLADY.—It's that professor of hypnotism, trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.—*New York Weekly.*



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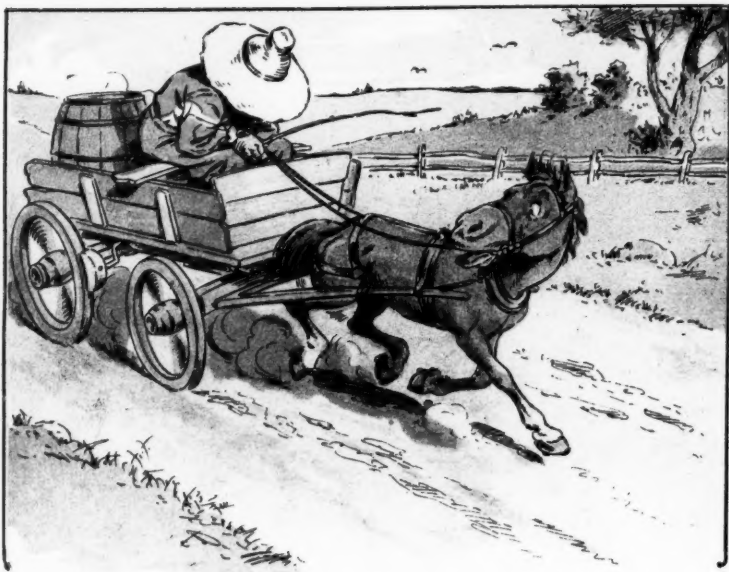
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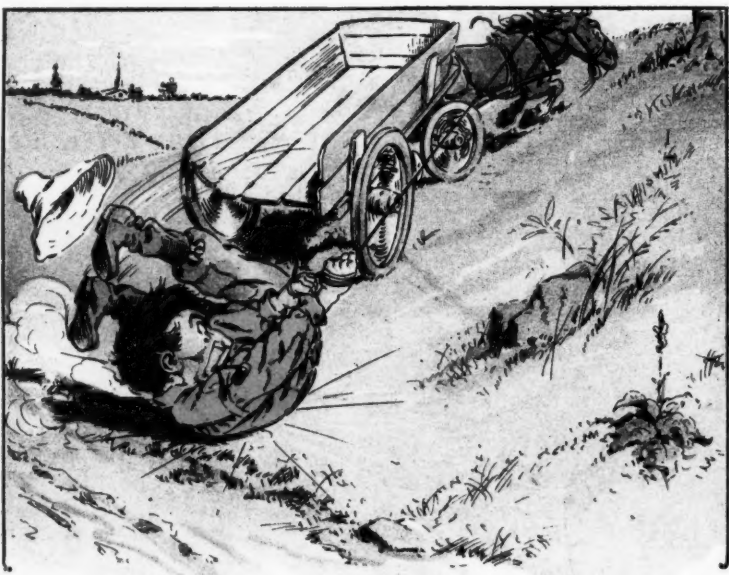




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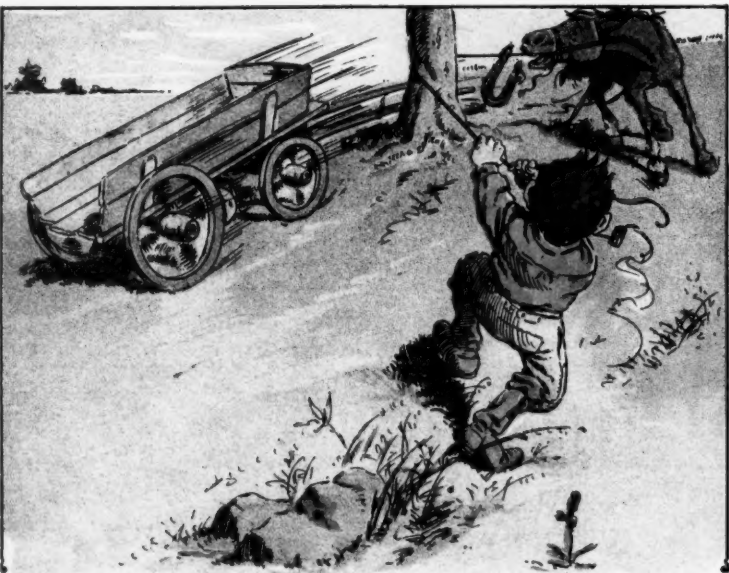
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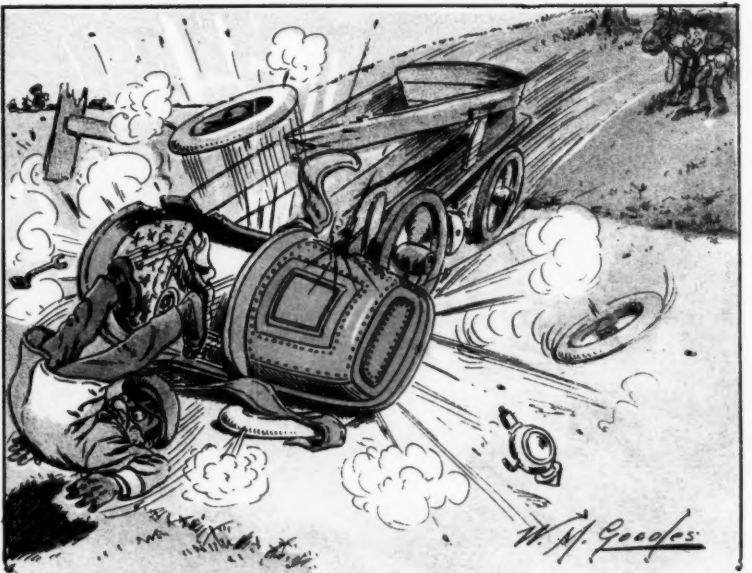
III.



IV.



V.



VI.